

A memorable Song on the lamentable, bloody, and unhappy Hunting

A T

# CHEVY-CHACE.

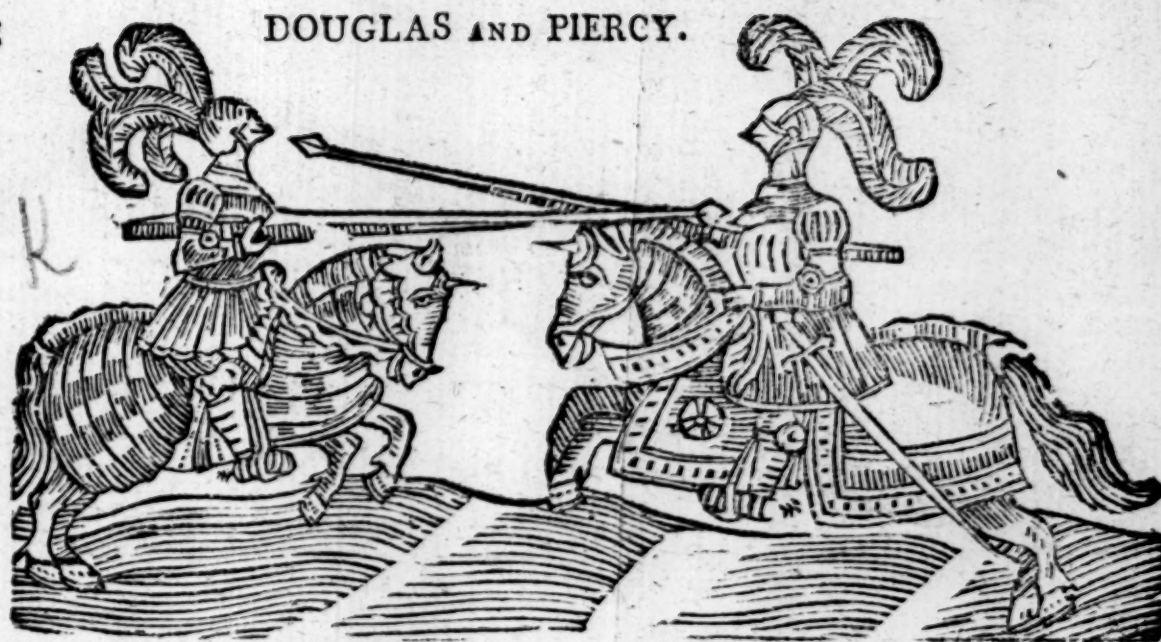
BETWEEN

Earl Douglas of Scotland

AND

Piercy of England.

DOUGLAS AND PIERCY.



**G**OD prosper long our noble king,  
our lives and safeties all:  
A woeful hunting once there did,  
at Chevy-Chace befall.  
To drive the deer with hound and  
Earl Piercy took his way; horn,  
The child may rue that was unborn  
the hunting of that day.  
The stout Earl of Northumberland,  
a vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods,  
three summer days to take.  
The choicest harts in Chevy-Chace,  
to kill and bear away.  
These tidings to earl Douglas came,  
in Scotland where he lay,  
Who sent earl Piercy present word,  
he would prevent his sport,  
The English Earl not fearing this,  
did to the woods resort,  
With twenty hundred bowmen bold,  
all chosen men of might;  
Who knew full well in time of need,  
to aim his shafts aright,  
The gallant grey hound swiftly ran,  
to chase the fallow deer,  
On Monday they began to hunt,  
when day light did appear,  
And long before high noon they had  
an hundred fat bucks slain,  
Then having din'd the drovers went,  
to rouse them up again.  
The bowmen muster'd on the hill,  
well able to endure,  
Their backfides all with special care,  
that day were guarded sure.  
The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods  
the nimble deer to take,  
And with their cries the hills and dales  
an echo shrill did make.  
Lord Piercy to the quarry went,  
to view the tender deer,  
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised,  
this day to meet me here.  
But if I knew he would not come,  
no longer would I stay:  
With that a brave young gentleman,  
thus to the Earl did say:  
Lo yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
his men in armour bright,  
Full fifteen hundred Scottish spears,  
all marching in in our fight,  
All men of pleasant Tiviotdale,  
fast by the river Tweed;  
Then cease your sport, Earl Piercy said,  
and take your bows with speed,  
And now with me my countrymen  
your courage to advance:  
For never was a champion yet  
in Scotland or in France,  
That never did on horseback come,  
but if my hap it were,  
I would meet man for man,

with him to break a spear,  
Lord Douglas on a milk white steed,  
most like a baron bold.  
Rod foremost of his company  
whose armour shone like gold.  
Shew me, said he, whose men ye be,  
that hunt so boldly here,  
That without my consent do chace,  
and kill my fallow deer,  
The man that first did answer make  
was noble Piercy, he,  
Who said, We list not to declare,  
nor shew whose men we be,  
But we will spend our dearest blood,  
thy choicest harts to slay.  
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
and in a rage did say,  
Ere thus I will outbraved be,  
one of us two shall die;  
I know thee well an earl thou art,  
Lord Piercy so am I.  
But trust me Piercy pity it were,  
and great offence to kill.  
Any of these our guiltless men,  
for they have done no ill.  
Let you and I the battle try,  
and set our men aside.  
And curst be he lord Piercy said,  
by whom it is deny'd,  
Then stept a gallant squire forth,  
Withrington was his name,  
Who said I would not have it told  
to Henry our king, for shame,  
That ever my captain fought on foot,  
and I stood looking on.  
You be two lords, said Withrington,  
and I a squire alone,  
I'll do the best that I can do  
while I have power to stand,  
While I have power to wield a sword.  
I'll fight with heart and hand.  
Our Scottish archers bent their bows,  
their hearts were good and true;  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
fourscore English they slew.  
To drive the hart with hound & horn  
Douglas had on the bent;  
two captains mov'd with meikle pride,  
their spears in shivers went.  
They clos'd full fast on either side,  
no slackness there was found,  
And many a gallant gentleman  
lay gasping on the ground.  
O! but it was a grief to see,  
and likewise for to hear  
The cries of men lying in their gore,  
and scatter'd here and there.  
At last these two stout earls did meet;  
like captains of great might,  
Like lions mov'd they laid on loud,  
and made a cruel fight.  
They fought until they both did sweat  
with swords of temper'd steel,

Until the blood like drops of rain  
they trickling down did feel.  
Yield thee, lord Piercy, Douglas said,  
in truth I will thee bring  
Where you shall high advanced be  
by James our Scottish king.  
Thy ransom I will freely give,  
and this report of thee:  
Thou art the most courageous knight  
that ever I did see.  
No Douglas, quoth lord Piercy then  
thy proffer I do scorn,  
I will not yield to any Scot  
that ever yet was born.  
With that there came an arrow keen  
out of an English bow,  
Which struck earl Douglas to the heart  
a deep and deadly blow.  
Who ne'er spoke more words than these  
fight on my merry men all;  
For now my life is at an end,  
lord Piercy sees me fall.  
Then leaving life lord Piercy took  
the dead man by the hand,  
And said, lord Douglas, for thy sake,  
would I had lost my land;  
O! but my very heart doth bleed  
with sorrow for thy sake,  
For sure a more renowned knight,  
mischance did never take.  
A knight among the Scots there was  
who saw earl Douglas die:  
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
against the earl Piercy.  
Sir Hugh Montgomery he was call'd,  
who with a spear full bright,  
Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
ran fiercely through the fight.  
He past the English archers all  
withouten dread or fear,  
And through Earl Piercy's body then  
he thrust his baleful spear.  
With such a vehement force and might  
did all his body gore,  
The spear went through the other side  
a large cloth yard and more.  
So thus did both these nobles die  
whose courage could not stain.  
An English archer then perceiv'd  
the noble lord was slain.  
He had a bow bent in his hand  
made of a trusty tree,  
An Arrow of a cloth yard long  
into the head drew he,  
Against Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
so right his shaft he set,  
The grey goose wing that was thereon  
in his heart's blood was wet,  
This fight did last from break of day  
'till setting of the sun.  
For when they rung the evening bells  
the battle scarce was done,  
With the lord Piercy there was slain

Sir John of Ogerton,  
Sir Robert Ratcliff and Sir John,  
Sir James that bold baron.  
Sir George also and good Sir James,  
both knights of good account.  
Good sir Ralph Ralley there was slain  
whose courage did surmount.  
For Withrington I needs must wail,  
as one in doleful dumps:  
For when his legs were smitten off,  
he fought still on his stumps.  
And with earl Douglas there was slain  
Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
Sir Charles Murray that from the field  
one foot would never flee,  
Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too;  
his sister's son was he,  
Sir David Lamb so well esteem'd,  
yet saved could not be.  
And the lord Maxwell in like case  
did with lord Douglas die.  
Of fifteen hundred Scottishmen  
went home but fifty three,  
Of twenty hundred Englishmen  
scarce fifty five did flee;  
The rest were slain in Chevy Chace  
under the green wood tree.  
Next day did many widows come  
their husbands to bewail,  
They wash't their wounds in brinish  
but all could not prevail. (tear)  
Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,  
they bore with them away,  
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times  
when they were cold as clay.  
The news was brought to Edinburgh  
where Scotland's king did reign.  
That brave earl Douglas suddenly  
was with an arrow slain.  
Now God be with him says our king,  
fith it will not better be,  
I trust I have in my realm  
five hundred as good as he,  
Like tidings to king Henry came  
within as short a space,  
That Piercy of Northumberland  
was slain at Chevy chace.  
O! heavy news, king Henry said,  
England can witness be,  
I have not any captain more  
of such account as he.  
Now of the rest of small account  
did many hundreds die,  
Thus ended the huntgin of Chevy Chace  
made by the earl Piercy.  
God save the king, and bless the land  
with plenty, joy, and peace:  
And grant henceforth that foul debates  
'twixt noblemen may cease.

F I N I S.

April 28th, 1776.